1228

The Contriving Lover:

Or, *The Fortunate Miſtake.*

With the Old Womans Journey to Heaven up the Chimney in a Hand-Basket. Together with her Dreadful Downfall from the Chimney-Top to the Chimney-Corner.

To the Tune of, *I often with my* Jenny *ſtrove*, &c.

Licenſed according to Order.

(1)

A Rich Old Miſer of Renown,
Who dwelt within a Country Town,
He had a Daughter young and fair,
As lively and as brisk as Ayre;
A Spark had got ſo far in Favour,
that they oftentimes had been
Kiſſing and Claſping, Dying Gaſping,
Lovers, you know what I mean.

(2)

The Miſer thought the Youth too Wild,
And not a Match fit for his Child;
He fearing what had paſs'd before,
Forewarn'd him coming any more:
Further to prevent their Meeting,
and contrivance out of door,
He did command her, to her Chamber,
and there Lock'd her up ſecure.

(3)

When this ſad News her Lover knew,
He greatly diſcontented grew;
Reſolving by ſome means, that he
His loving Dame again would ſee:
Knowing the Chimney of her Chamber,
he got on the Old Dads Houſe-top,
A Letter bearing, words ſo 'ndearing,
he did down the Chimney drop.

(4)

Deſiring that ſhe would next Night
Take care to keep her Candle light,
For he intended then by ſtealth,
To viſit her that way himſelf.
This kind News did ſo ſurprize her,
and ſuch Joys to her impart,
Thought of poſſeſſing, ſuch a Bleſſing,
much reviv'd her drooping heart.

(5)

The Night enſuing quickly came,
When he reſolv'd to ſee his Dame,
He then deſir'd a truſty Friend,
That he would his aſſiſtance lend.
In a Basket he was let down,
his fair Prize for to obtain,
Giving him Order, if the Cord ſtir,
for to pluck him up again.

(6)

When down into the Room he came,
He welcom'd was by his fair Dame;
Their eager Paſſions to content,
They Kiſt, and into Bed they went:
Eager to poſſeſs the bleſſing,
fears and cares were ſoon deſtroy'd,
Loving Careſſes, and Embraces,
by theſe Lovers were enjoy'd.

(7)

The Miſer and his Wife lay near,
Who did the Tell-tale Bed-Cords hear;
The Old Woman in a heavy plight,
Cry'd, Husband riſe and ſtrike a Light,
Somebody's got to Bed with our Daughter,
for I hear the Bed-Cords Crack:
The Miſer amazed, ſoon was raiſed,
and into the Room did pack.

(8)

They hearing the Old Miſer Riſe,
Which did the Lovers both ſurprize;
The Daughter, in a thouſand fears,
VVhips out of Bed, and falls to Prayers;
Begging God to bleſs her Father,
who ſhe thought was beſt of Men;
Begging his Thriving, and his living
to the Age of *Methuſalem.*

(9)

He hearing what his Daughter ſaid,
Return'd again and went to Bed,
And call'd his VVife an ill-tongu'd Beaſt,
VVho did ſo baſe a thing ſuggeſt:
The Old VVoman lay a while and liſten'd,
being not well ſatisfy'd;
They poſſeſſing, of their bleſſing,
then ſhe heard again, ſhe cry'd.

(10)

Then ſlyly up got the Old Dame,
And into her Daughters Rooms ſhe came,
She happen'd to ſtumble at a Stool,
Did into th' Lovers Basket fall:
Up was drawn the poor Old VVoman,
who in th' Basket Screaming lay;
To the top he drew her, down again threw her
whilſt his Friend eſcap'd away.

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